

CENTURIONS
MONTHLY
No.3
75p

CENTURIONS

POWERXTREME

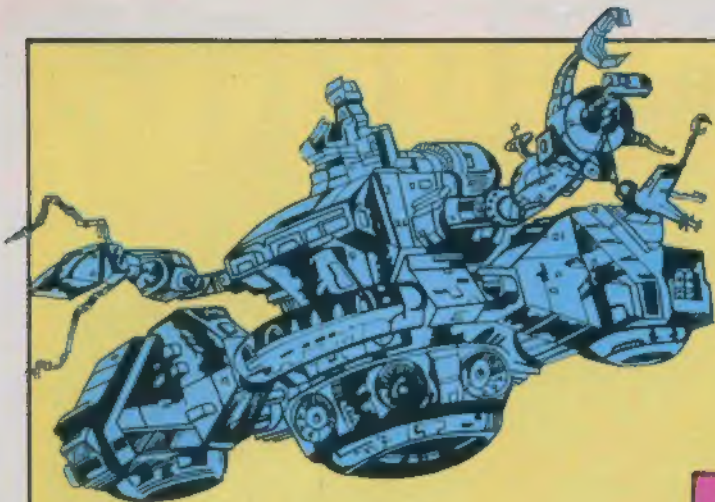


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POWERXTREME





WELCOME TO THE 21st CENTURY!

Dateline: July 2087

Station: Skyvault

Hi, there! Ace McCloud here, transmitting to all you readers of this thrilling third issue of **Centurions Comic**. Thanks for all the letters and pictures you've sent to our comic. They are being programmed into the **Skyvault Central Computer** right now and we'll be printing some of the best ones, starting next issue. Your mail has certainly given us plenty of encouragement in the fight against **Doc Terror**...so don't stop now! Let us know what you especially like (or dislike) about our comic at the address below.

Keep 'em flying!

Ace

Send all letters to: **Centurions Comic, PO Box 111, Great Ducie Street, Manchester M60 3BL.**

**Subject:
SHADOW**

Data Follows:

Shadow is more than just a dog. He has been specially bred and trained to act as the Centurion's sentry dog and he is assigned mainly to land operations. He even has a power harness that has been developed to enable him to carry laser cannons and other portable weapon systems while out on a mission. Shadow loves the thrill of the hunt and is a brilliant tracker.



21st CENTURY FACTS

CENTURIONS ALERT!

**DON'T BE DISAPPOINTED...
GET YOUR ORDER IN NOW FOR
CENTURIONS No.4!**

IT'S ON SALE AUGUST 27th:

The Centurions in London! Doc Terror's **SOUND** attack! **Xcitement Xtreme!**
We'll be back with all this & more!

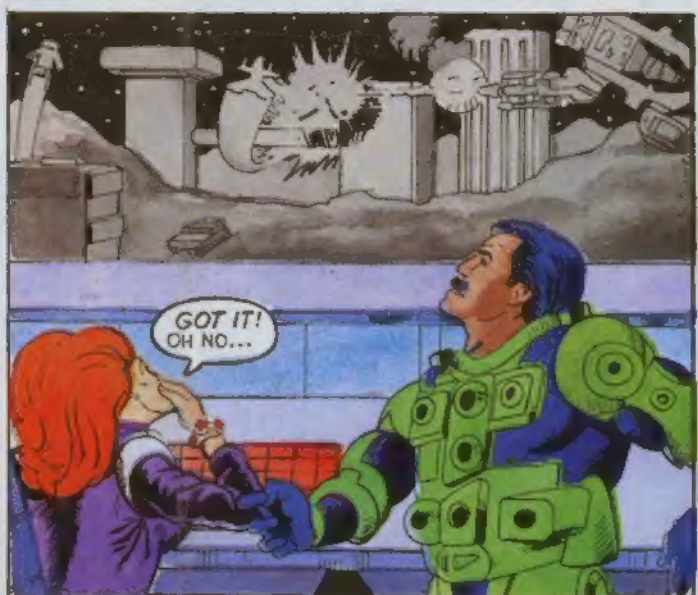
...BE THERE!



MENACE ON THE MOON!



WHEN NOT OUT ON A MISSION, ACE AND JAKE LIKE TO KEEP THEMSELVES FIT...





"DOC TERROR'S SURE MAKING ONE HECK OF A MESS OF THE BASE..."



ACE AND JAKE SOON ARRIVE AND CRYSTAL EXPLAINS THE SITUATION...

... AND NOW THE FIGHTING SEEMS TO HAVE DIED DOWN. WE CAN ONLY ASSUME THAT TERROR HAS TAKEN CONTROL OF MOONBASE!

THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S GET IN THERE AND TEAR THAT METALLIC MANIAC APART!



CALM DOWN, TAKE. THERE'RE TOO MANY PEOPLE AT RISK HERE FOR US TO DO ANYTHING RASH.

WE'LL HAVE TO REACH MOONBASE WITHOUT DOC TERROR KNOWING, SO THAT WE CAN FIND OUT EXACTLY WHAT HE'S UP TO.



CRYSTAL, CAN YOU TELEPORT US TO MOONBASE?

I'M ON IT ALREADY, ACE. I'LL HAVE TO KEY IN A FEW ADJUSTMENTS TO THE DIRECTIONAL CALIBRATOR...

THAT'S IT! OKAY GUYS, YOU'RE ON FOR A LUNAR LANDING!



MEANWHILE, DOC TERROR HAS WRESTED COMMAND OF MOONBASE...

HA! YOUR PEOPLE DIDN'T PRESENT MUCH OF AN OBSTACLE TO ME IN TAKING OVER YOUR BASE, COMMANDER WALSH. OR SHOULD I CALL YOU "EX-COMMANDER"! HA HA HA!

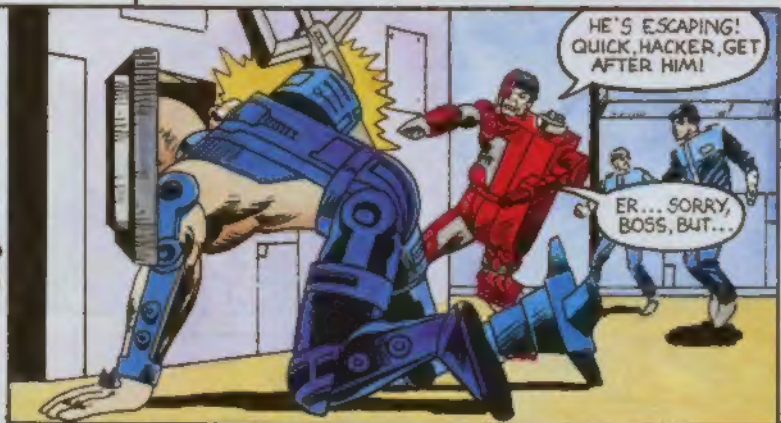
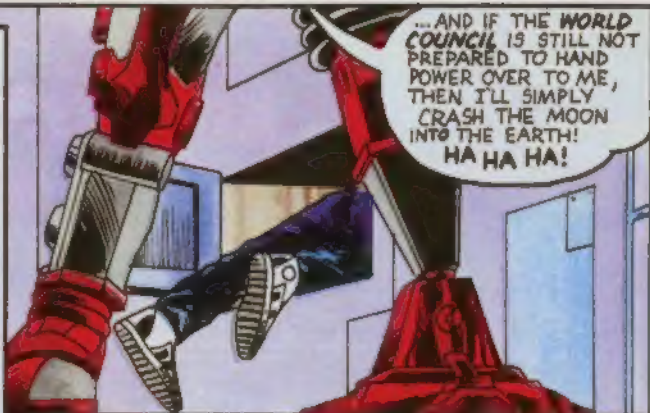
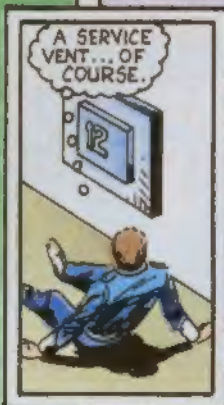
WE WON'T GIVE UP THAT EASILY, TERROR. I'LL FIND SOME WAY TO STOP YOU... WHATEVER YOUR EVIL SCHEME IS.

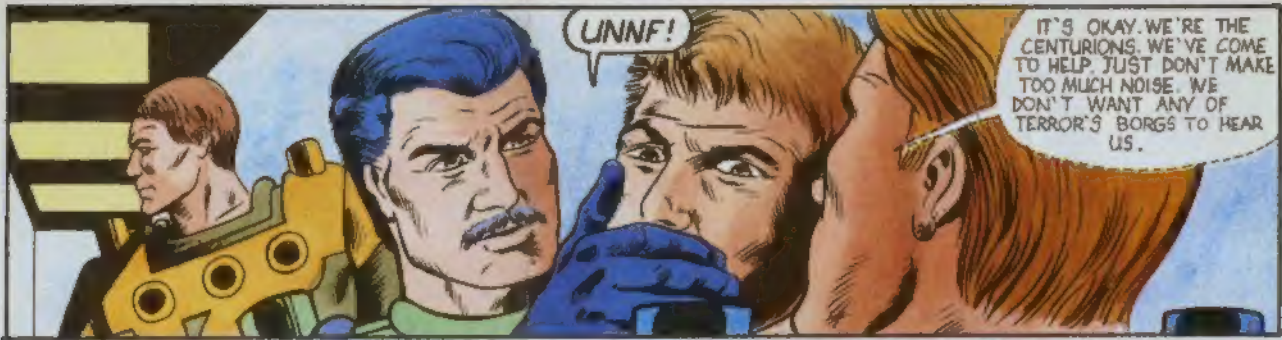


I DOUBT THAT VERY MUCH, WALSH. EVEN AS WE SPEAK MY CONSTRUCTION DROIDS ARE HARD AT WORK OUT THERE ON THE LUNAR SURFACE. IT WON'T BE LONG NOW BEFORE THEY FINISH BUILDING A SUPER-POWERFUL ENGINE THAT WILL ACTUALLY BECOME PART OF THE MOON ITSELF!

THIS WILL BE MY GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT YET. THE FUSION OF MOON AND MACHINE...

TERRORXTREME!!



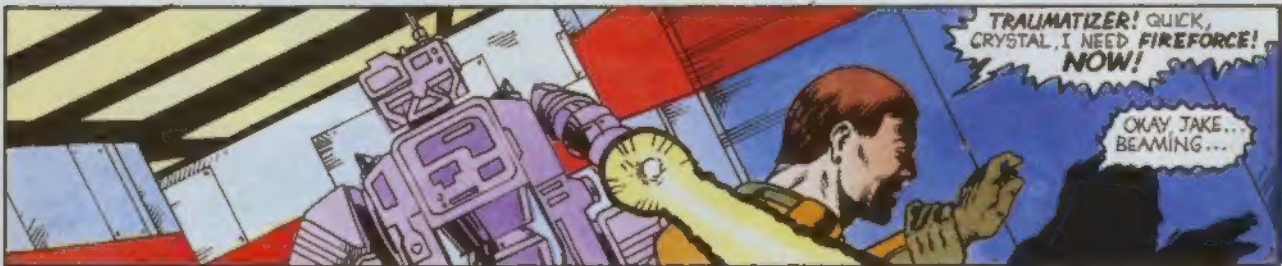
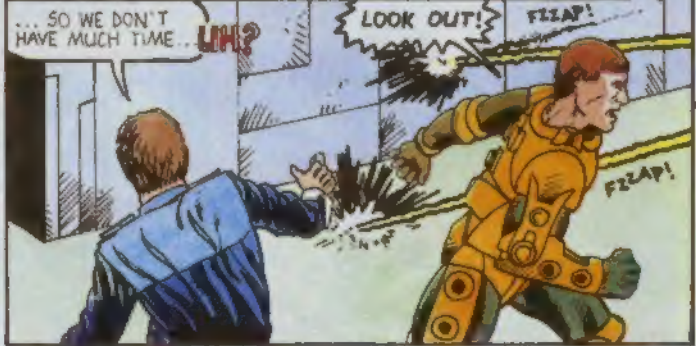


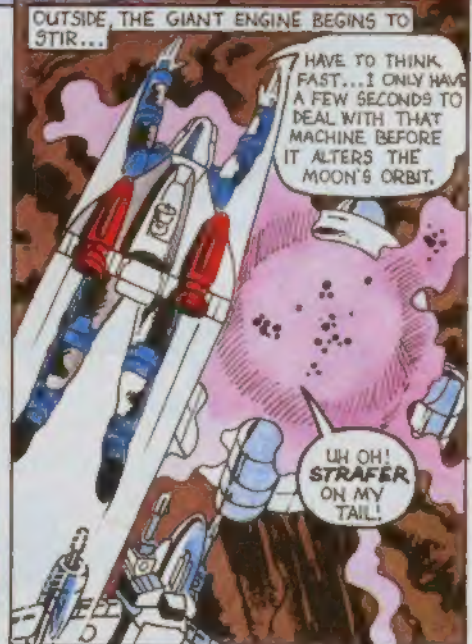
AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU GUYS!

LIKewise, COMMANDER WALSH. NOW PERHAPS YOU CAN SHED SOME LIGHT ON WHAT DOC TERROR'S UP TO THIS TIME.



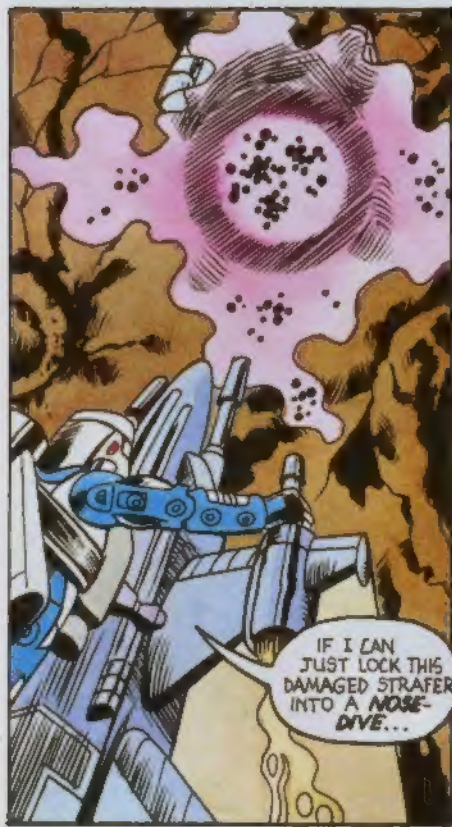
BUT AS COMMANDER WALSH FINISHES TELLING THE CENTURIONS ALL THAT HE KNOWS ABOUT TERROR'S SCHEME...







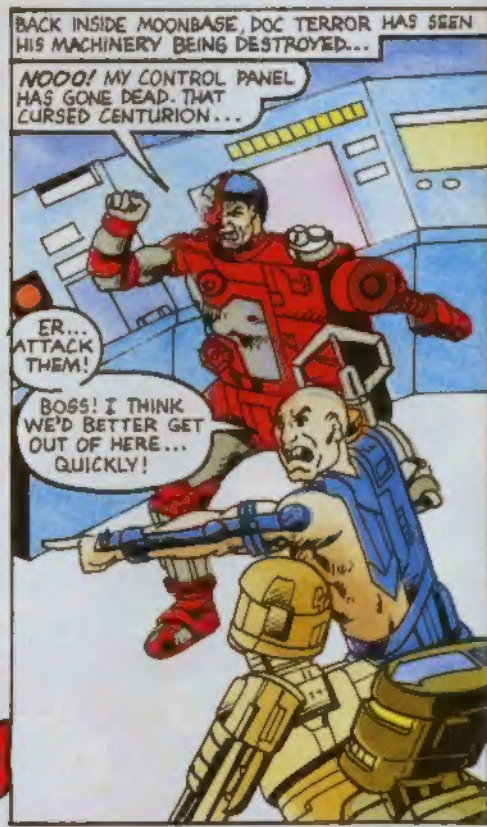
BUT THAT
GIVES ME AN
IDEA...



IF I CAN
JUST LOCK THIS
DAMAGED STRAFER
INTO A NOSE-
DIVE...



KAA-
BOOM



BACK INSIDE MOONBASE, DOC TERROR HAS SEEN HIS MACHINERY BEING DESTROYED...

NOOO! MY CONTROL PANEL HAS GONE DEAD. THAT CURSED CENTURION...

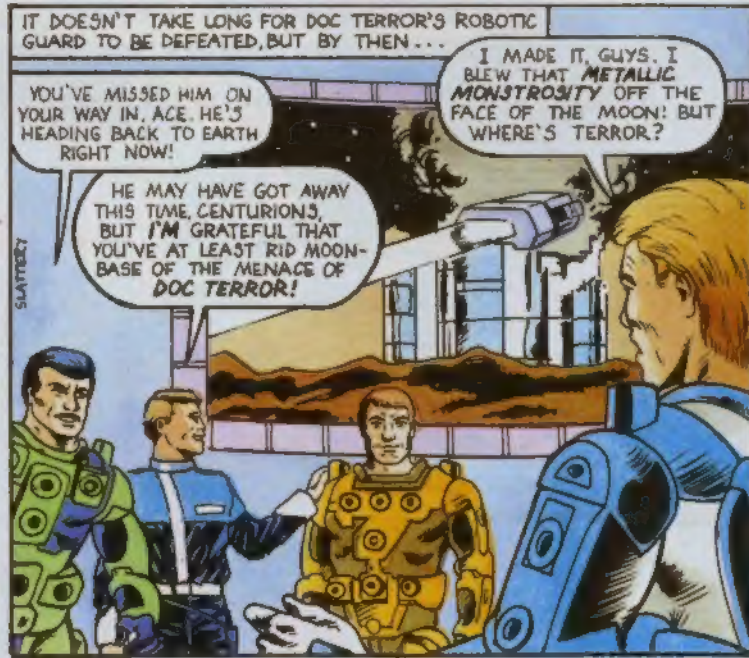
ER...
ATTACK
THEM!

BOSS! I THINK
WE'D BETTER GET
OUT OF HERE...
QUICKLY!



YOU'RE RIGHT FOR ONCE, HACKER. FORTUNATELY, I HAVE AN ESCAPE CRAFT PRIMED AND READY. COME ON!

THEY'RE
GETTING AWAY!



IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG FOR DOC TERROR'S ROBOTIC GUARD TO BE DEFEATED, BUT BY THEN...

YOU'VE MISSED HIM ON YOUR WAY IN, ACE. HE'S HEADING BACK TO EARTH RIGHT NOW!

HE MAY HAVE GOT AWAY THIS TIME, CENTURIONS, BUT I'M GRATEFUL THAT YOU'VE AT LEAST RID MOON-BASE OF THE MENACE OF DOC TERROR!

I MADE IT, GUYS. I BLEW THAT METALLIC MONSTROSITY OFF THE FACE OF THE MOON! BUT WHERE'S TERROR?

SLATTERY

JOINING FORCES TO THWART DOC TERROR'S PLANS FOR WORLD DOMINATION, THEY ARE THE BEST THERE IS... THE CENTURIONS!

CENTURIONS

POWERXTREME

FOR CENTURIES, SHIPS AND PLANES HAVE BEEN DISAPPEARING IN THE FABLED BERMUDA TRIANGLE OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN. FINALLY, IN THE 21ST CENTURY, MAX RAY AND ACE MCCLOUD, TWO OF THE CENTURIONS, HAVE FOUND THE CAUSE OF SOME OF THOSE DISAPPEARANCES...

IN ALL MY YEARS OF MARINE STUDY, I'VE NEVER SEEN A WHIRLPOOL LIKE THAT ONE, ACE. TIME FOR A CLOSER LOOK!

FINE, AS LONG AS YOU DO THE RESEARCH. I'LL HANG UP HERE.

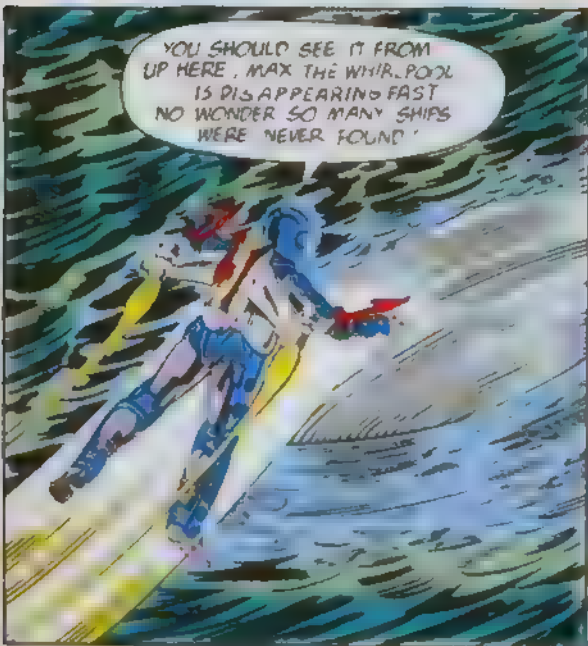
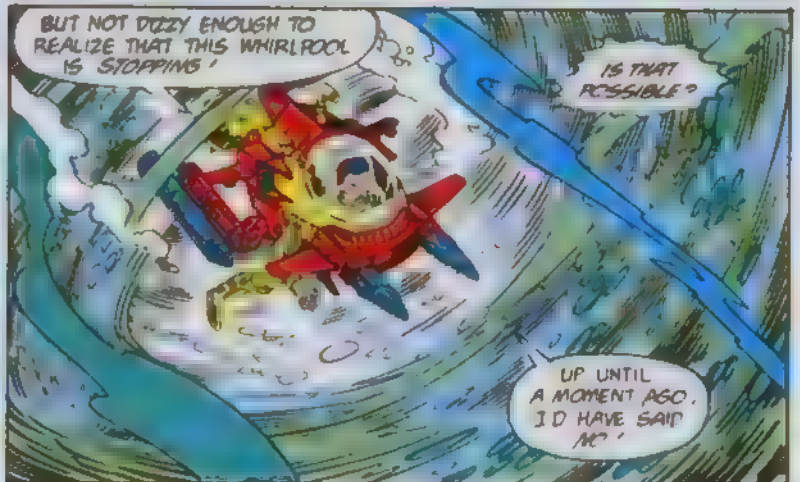
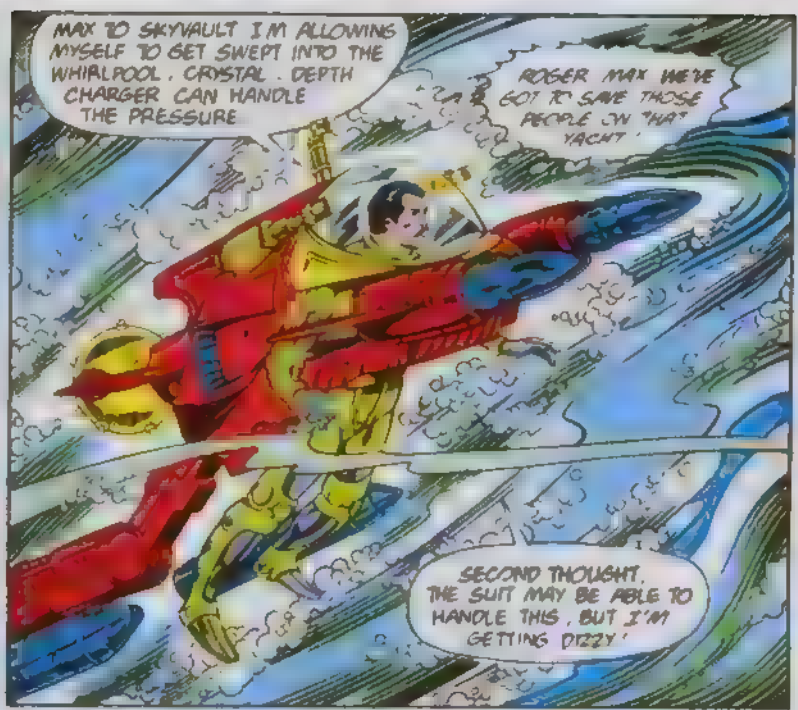
THE ONLY SWIMMING I LIKE DOING IS IN MY BATHTUB!

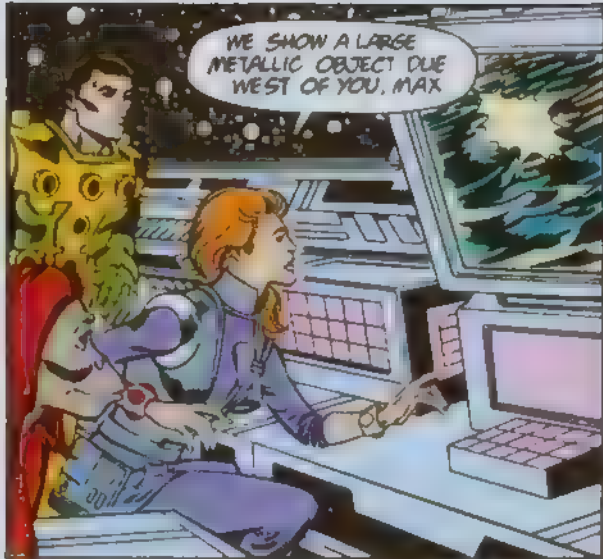
HELP!

IEEEE!

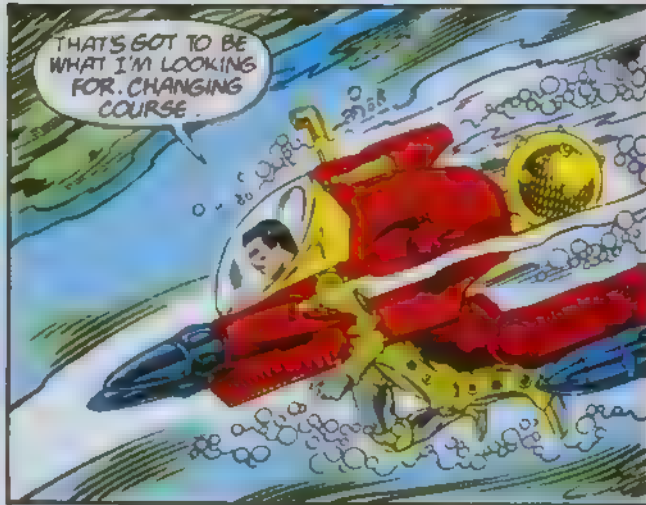
"SEEING IS NOT BELIEVING!"

CENTURIONS! MAN & MACHINE-POWERXTREME

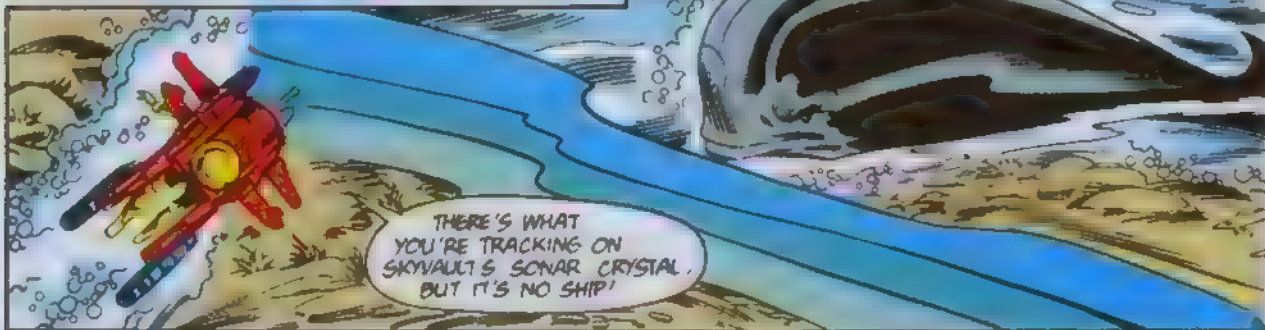




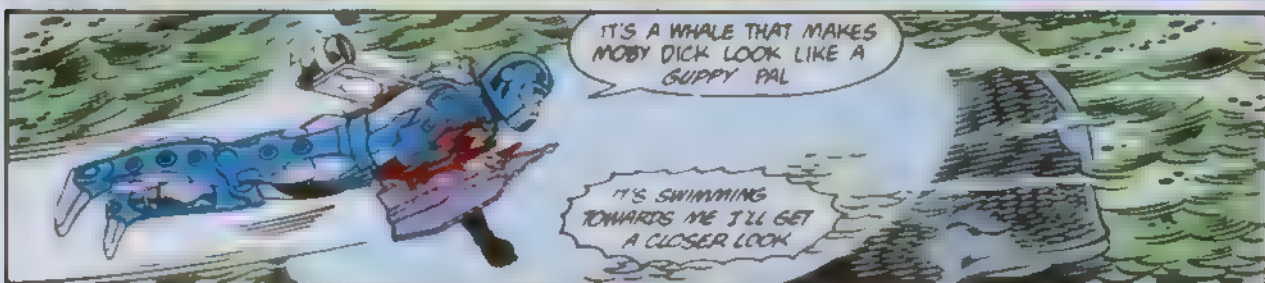
WE SHOW A LARGE
METALLIC OBJECT DUE
WEST OF YOU, MAX



THAT'S GOT TO BE
WHAT I'M LOOKING
FOR. CHANGING
COURSE.



THERE'S WHAT
YOU'RE TRACKING ON
SKYVAULT'S SONAR CRYSTAL.
BUT IT'S NO SHIP!



IT'S A WHALE THAT MAKES
MOBY DICK LOOK LIKE A
GUPPY PAL

IT'S SWIMMING
TOWARDS ME I'LL GET
A CLOSER LOOK

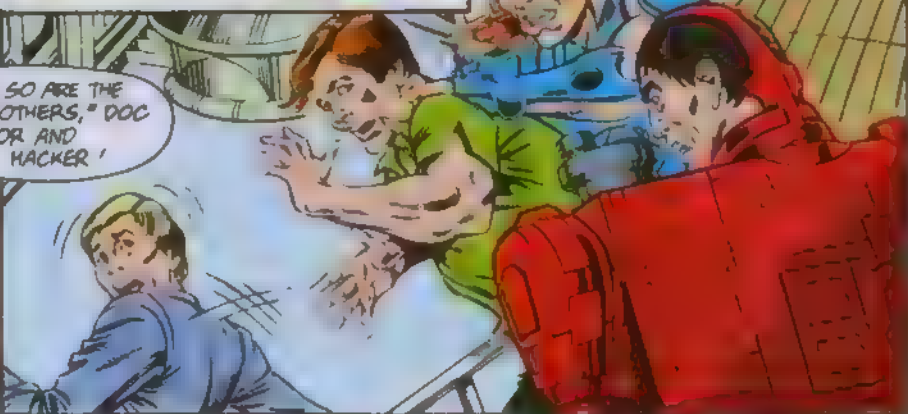


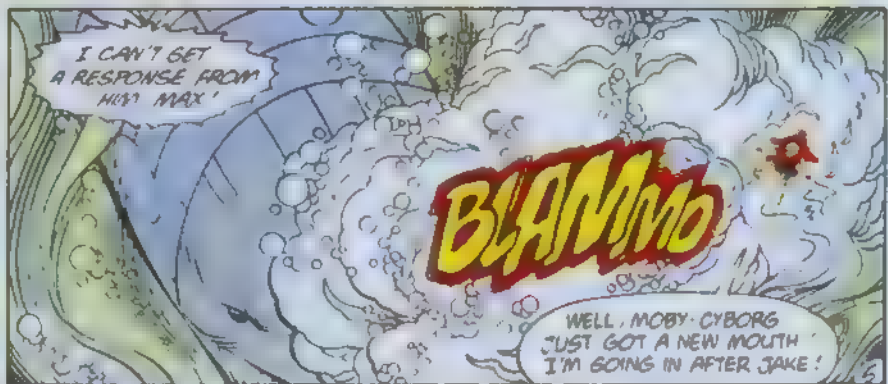
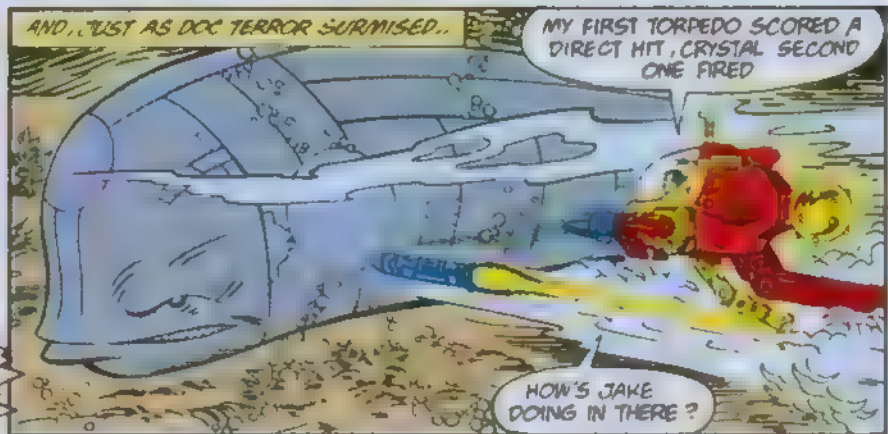
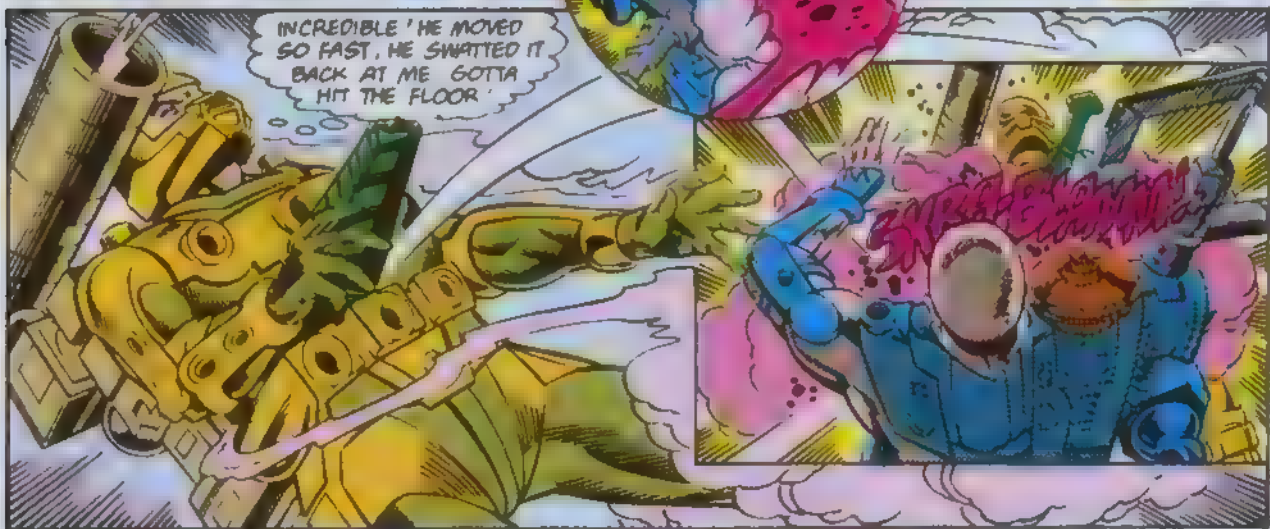
HOLY CROW! YOU DON'T WANT
A CLOSER LOOK, MAX THAT'S
NO ORDINARY WHALE...

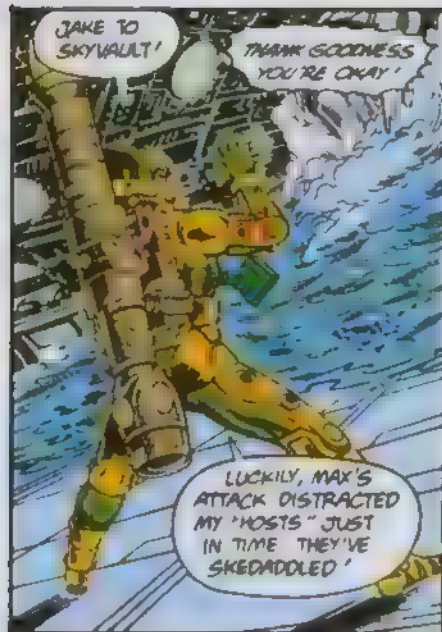


--IT'S A
CYBORG!

IT'S MOVING
AT INCREDIBLE
SPEED! I CAN'T
GET OUT OF ITS
PATH...







JAKE TO
SKYVAULT!

THANK GOODNESS
YOU'RE OKAY!

LUCKILY, MAX'S
ATTACK DISTRACTED
MY "HOSTS" JUST
IN TIME THEY'VE
SKEDADDLED!



WHICH IS WHAT I'D BETTER
BE DOING TOO. FIREFORCE
WASN'T DESIGNED FOR
UNDERWATER WORK!

BEARING
YOU BACK TO
SKYVAULT



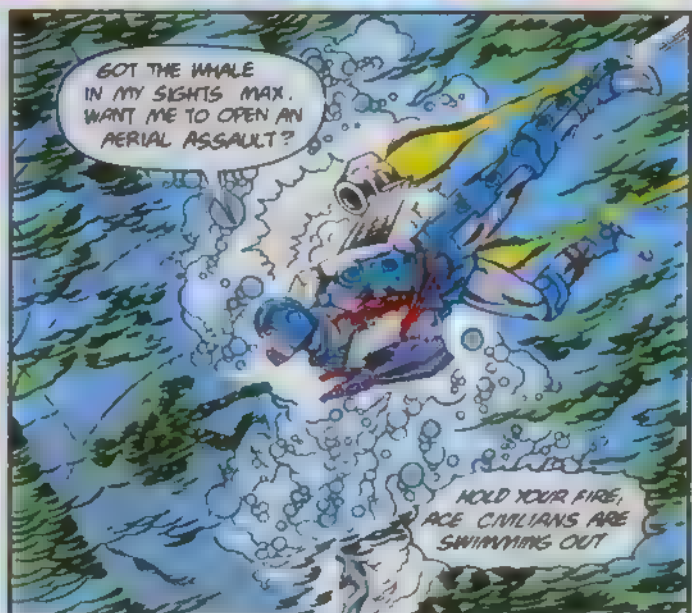
IT'S TOO LATE TO STOP THEM,
HACKER. WE MUST LEAVE

BUT I
WANT TO STAY
AND DESTROY THE
CENTURIONS



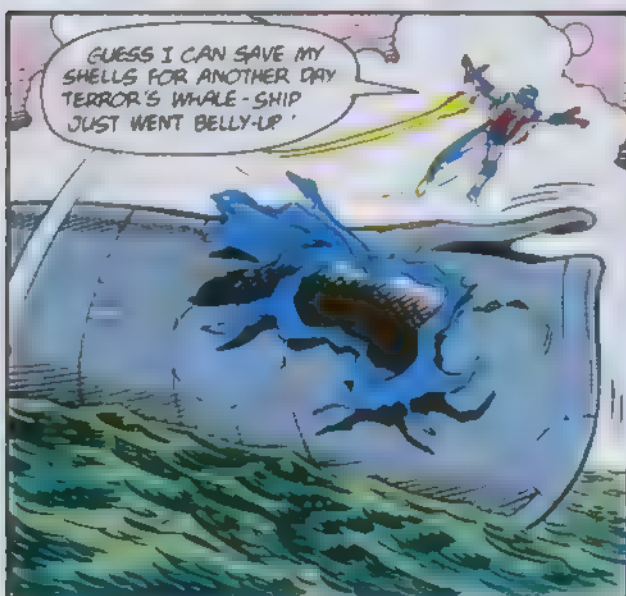
SOON. HACKER. RIGHT NOW WE
MUST LEAVE
COME...
QUICKLY!

SWIM
= SLUB =

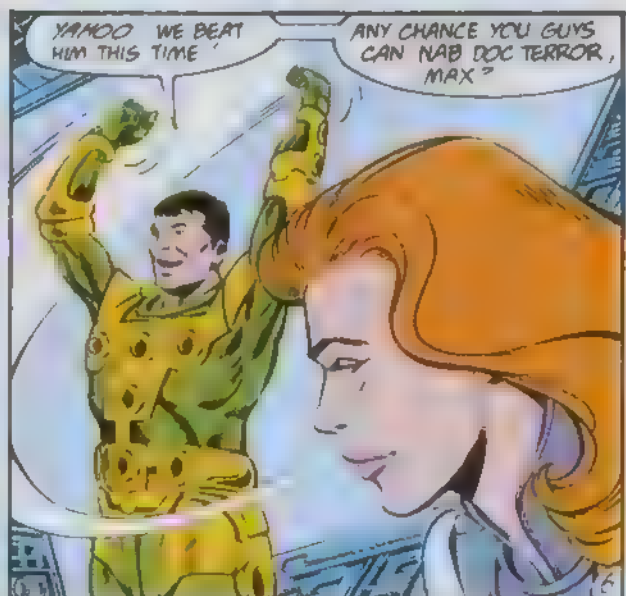


GOT THE WHALE
IN MY SIGHTS MAX.
WANT ME TO OPEN AN
AERIAL ASSAULT?

HOLD YOUR FIRE,
ACE. CIVILIANS ARE
SWIMMING OUT

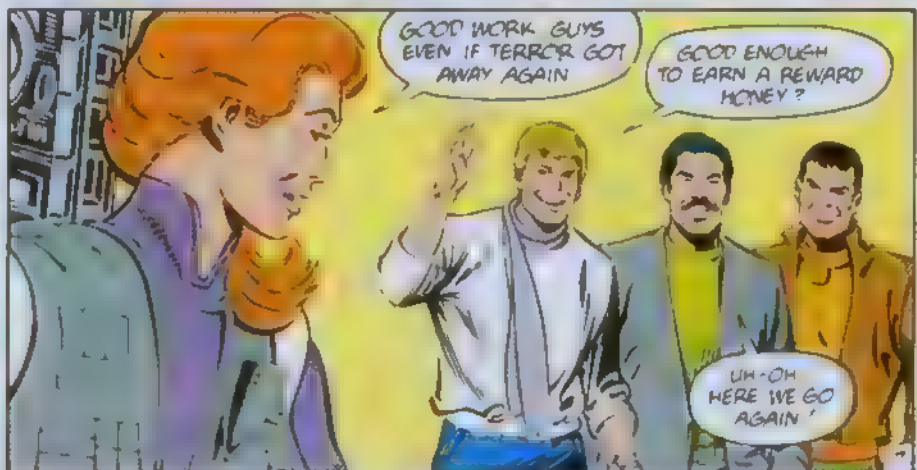
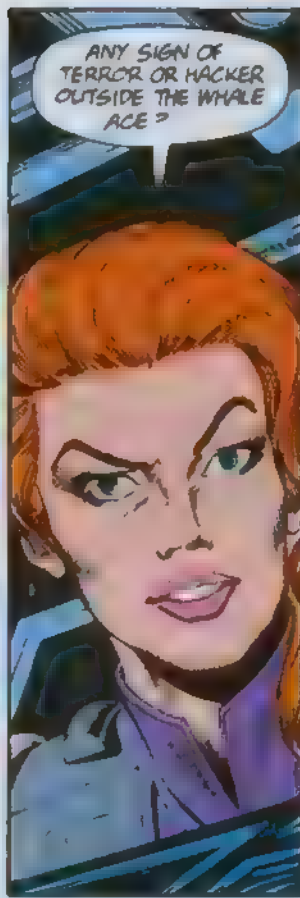


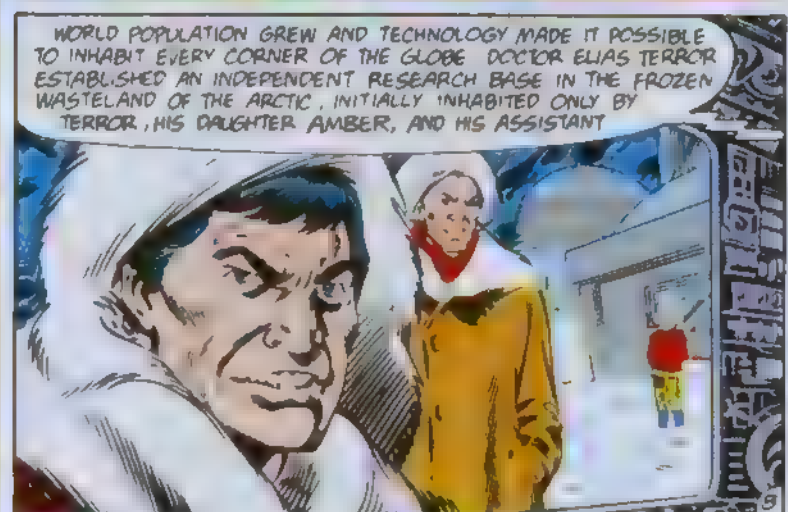
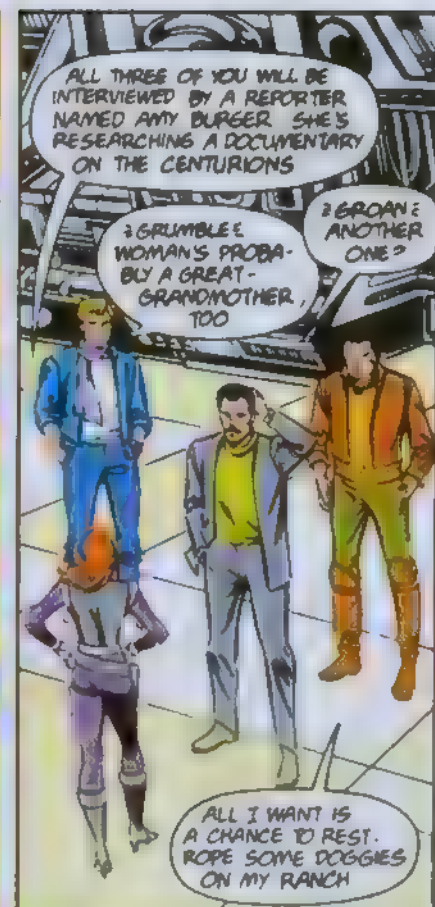
GUESS I CAN SAVE MY
SHELLS FOR ANOTHER DAY
TERROR'S WHALE-SHIP
JUST WENT BELLY-UP!



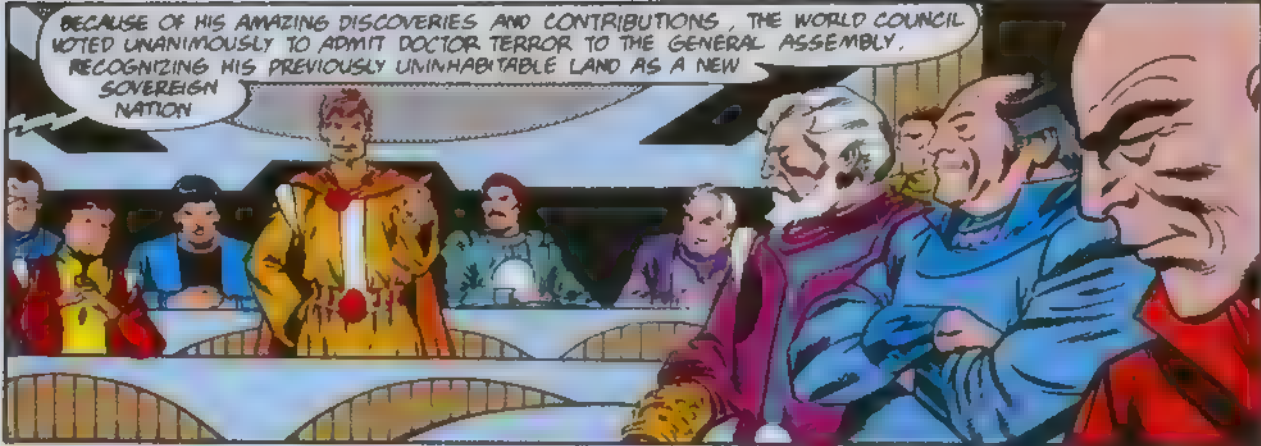
YAYOO WE BEAT
HIM THIS TIME!

ANY CHANCE YOU GUYS
CAN NAB DOC TERROR,
MAX?





BECAUSE OF HIS AMAZING DISCOVERIES AND CONTRIBUTIONS, THE WORLD COUNCIL VOTED UNANIMOUSLY TO ADMIT DOCTOR TERROR TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY, RECOGNIZING HIS PREVIOUSLY UNINHABITABLE LAND AS A NEW SOVEREIGN NATION



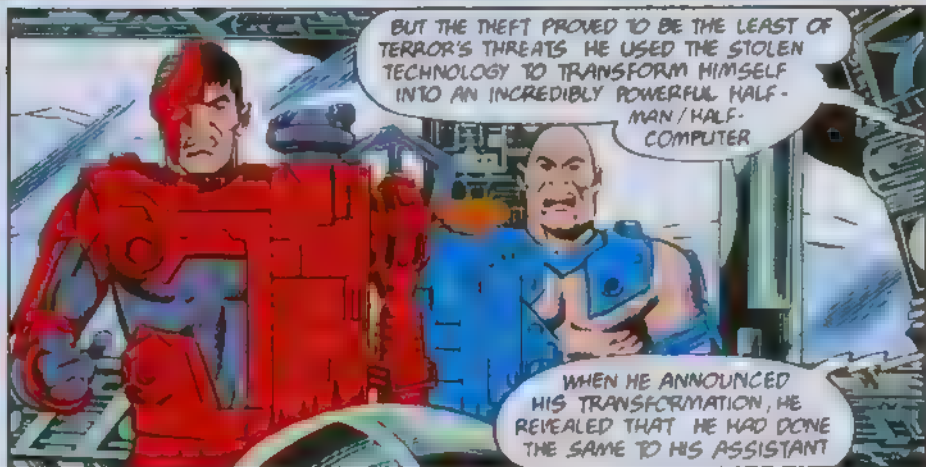
THE DOCTOR, HOWEVER, USED HIS DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY TO THE DETRIMENT OF THE REST OF THE WORLD, HIRING A SMALL ARMY OF INTERNATIONAL CRIMINALS TO STEAL ADVANCED CYBERNETIC TECHNOLOGY FOR HIM.



THOUGH THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE THEFTS WERE LAID AT TERROR'S FEET, HE WAS ABLE TO AVOID PROSECUTION BY REMAINING WITHIN HIS OWN NATIONAL BORDERS

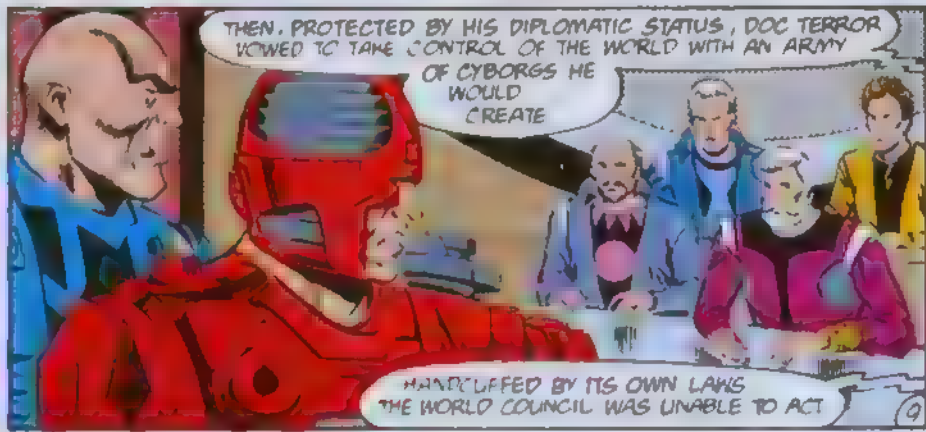


BUT THE THEFT PROVED TO BE THE LEAST OF TERROR'S THREATS. HE USED THE STOLEN TECHNOLOGY TO TRANSFORM HIMSELF INTO AN INCREDIBLY POWERFUL HALF-MAN/HALF-COMPUTER

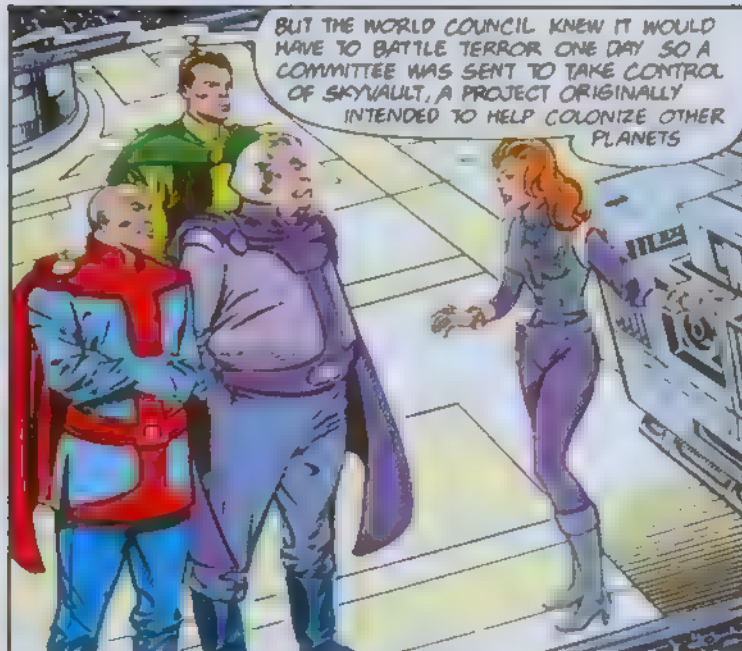


WHEN HE ANNOUNCED HIS TRANSFORMATION, HE REVEALED THAT HE HAD DONE THE SAME TO HIS ASSISTANT

THEN, PROTECTED BY HIS DIPLOMATIC STATUS, DOC TERROR VOWED TO TAKE CONTROL OF THE WORLD WITH AN ARMY OF CYBORGS HE WOULD CREATE



HANDCUFFED BY ITS OWN LAWS THE WORLD COUNCIL WAS UNABLE TO ACT



BUT THE WORLD COUNCIL KNEW IT WOULD HAVE TO BATTLE TERROR ONE DAY SO A COMMITTEE WAS SENT TO TAKE CONTROL OF SKYVAULT, A PROJECT ORIGINALLY INTENDED TO HELP COLONIZE OTHER PLANETS



THE PROJECT, DIRECTED BY DR CRYSTAL KANE WAS CONVERTED TO STOP DOG TERROR IN HIS TERRORIST PLANS



... AND THUS WERE BORN THE CENTURIONS-- THE BEST THERE ARE TO PROTECT THE WORLD FROM THE WORST THERE IS!



WELL, AT LEAST YOU GOT THAT RIGHT THERE S NOBODY BETTER THAN US!

AND I PITY THE MAN WHO DISAGREES WITH YOU, ACE

IS THAT ALL OF IT?

YEAH WHERE ARE THE SHOTS OF ME IN ACTION?"



THAT WILL COME LATER FIRST I NEED SOME INFORMATION ABOUT YOU THREE HOW YOU GOT WHERE YOU ARE, YOUR BACKGROUNDS IN YOUR VARIOUS FIELDS



HOW ABOUT YOU FIRST, MR RAY?

WELL



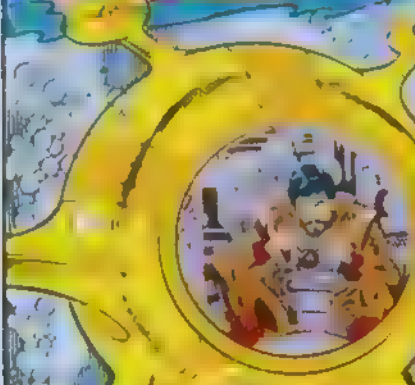
"I WAS BORN IN SEATTLE... THREE YEARS AFTER THE GREAT FLOOD... SO I NEVER KNEW THE CITY WITHOUT THE PLEXIGLASS SEAWALL AROUND IT. NATURALLY WITH THE OCEAN PRACTICALLY OUTSIDE MY WINDOW, I BECAME INTERESTED IN THE LIFE WITHIN IT



"AT THE AGE OF 14, I DESIGNED A NUCLEAR MINI-SUBMARINE AS A SCIENCE PROJECT. THE DESIGN GOT ME MY FIRST GOVERNMENT RESEARCH GRANT TO BUILD A FULL-SIZE MODEL. I USED IT TO CHART THE WATERS OUTSIDE SEATTLE



"AFTER THAT I JUST KEPT GOING DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE SEA. ITS MYSTERIES HAVE INTRIGUED ME SINCE I FIRST OPENED MY EYES UNDERWATER IN THE BATHTUB"



"AND HOW DID YOU BECOME A CENTURION, MR. RAY?"



"I WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF A THREE-MONTH LONG MAPPING OF THE MARIANAS TRENCH IN THE PACIFIC WHEN DOC TERROR BEGAN HIS ATTACKS. WHEN I CAME UP BASED ON MY EXPERIENCE, I WAS IMMEDIATELY RECRUITED TO HANDLE SEA OPERATIONS FOR THE CENTURIONS."

"WHAT ABOUT YOU,
MR. ROCKWELL?"

"AUSTIN, TEXAS, IS WHERE I HAIL FROM. MISS
BURGER. MY DADDY WAS IN CHARGE OF THE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND THE PRAIRIE PRESERVE
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CITY. I TREATED IT LIKE
MY OWN PRIVATE PLAYGROUND, LEARNING HOW
TO RIDE HORSES AND ROPE CATTLE JUST LIKE
MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDDADDY DID TWO
HUNDRED YEARS AGO."

"WHEN THE LAST WAR BEGAN, I
JOINED UP REAL QUICK AND
LED A BATTALION OF MEN
AGAINST THE ENEMY ON THE
INDOCHINESE FRONT."

"I DON'T LIKE TO BRAG, BUT THEY
SAID IT WAS BRAVERY IN BATTLE
THAT GOT ME PROMOTED ALL THE
WAY TO BRIGADIER GENERAL
BEFORE THE WAR WAS OVER."

"AND THEN THE WAR
WAS OVER AND I
BECAME NOTHING
MORE THAN A
FIGUREHEAD.
THERE WAS NOBODY
LEFT TO FIGHT. IT
WAS BORING."

"BEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED FOR ME WAS
DOC TERROR. I JUMPED AT THE CHANCE TO
COMMAND LAND OPERATIONS FOR THE
CENTURIONS... AND WOULD I LOVE TO GET
INTO A MAN-TO-MAN FIGHT WITH THAT GUY!"

"FASCINATING.
MR. McCLOUD,
WEREN'T YOU
PART OF THE
ORIGINAL
PLANETARY
EXPLORATION
TEAM OR KANE
ASSEMBLED?"

"RIGHT YOU ARE BORGEIOUS TECHNICALLY, I WAS THE FIRST
CAPTAIN! BUT WE'RE GETTING AHEAD OF OURSELVES

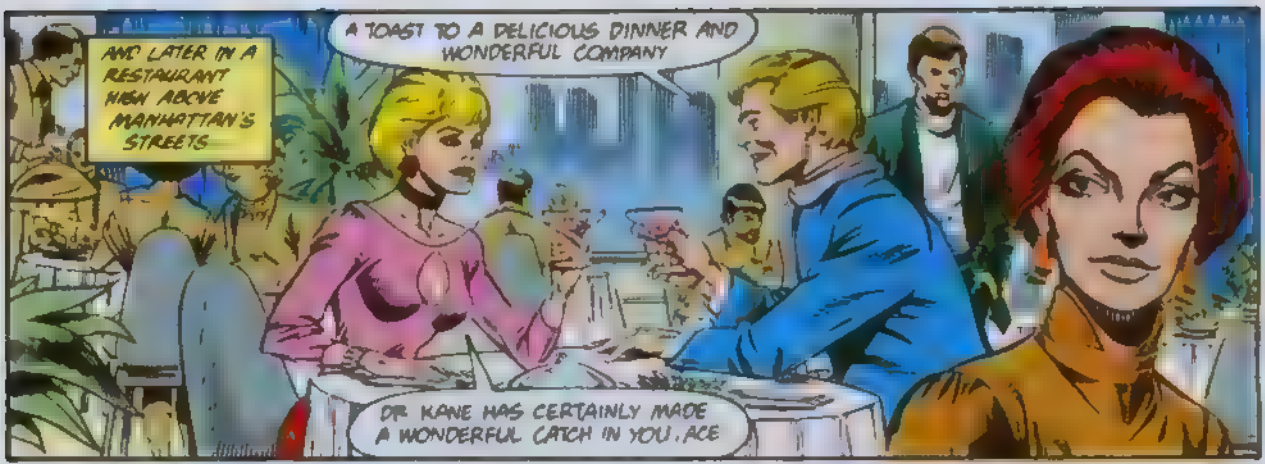
"FIRST OFF, I'M NEW YORK CITY BORN AND
BRED LIVED ON THE 244TH FLOOR OF THE
TAFT BUILDING RIGHT HERE IN THE HEART
OF THE BIG APPLE. GREW UP IN THE CLOUDS,
LIKE LOTS OF OTHER KIDS WHOSE PARENTS
WORKED IN THE CITY

"YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MANY TIMES I
DREAMED OF SOARING THROUGH THOSE
CLOUDS... AND BEYOND. I ENROLLED
IN FLIGHT TRAINING SCHOOL AS
SOON AS THEY'D HAVE ME
DETERMINED TO BECOME THE BEST
PILOT IN THE WORLD - WHICH I AM"

"NATURALLY, CRYSTAL KNEW A WINNER
WHEN SHE SAW ONE. I SIGNED UP
TO PILOT HER SPACE PROBES DON'T
BELIEVE THE RUMORS YOU HEAR,
MIZ BURGER, ABOUT HER BEING
SWAYED BY MY LOOKS-- CRYSTAL'S
A GREAT JUDGE OF ABILITY"

"THEN WHEN OUR 'ERROR'
STARTED ACTING UP I JUST
SWITCHED OVER THE EARTH BOUND
AIR OPERATIONS FOR THE
CENTURIES BUT THE DAY LL
COME AGAIN WHEN I LL BE
OUT THERE FLYING FAST
PLUTO YOU LL SEE "

"WHICH MAY BE TOMORROW"
WHEN CRYSTAL HEARS THIS
"INTERVIEW ACE "



AND LATER IN A RESTAURANT HIGH ABOVE MANHATTAN'S STREETS

A TOAST TO A DELICIOUS DINNER AND WONDERFUL COMPANY

DR KANE HAS CERTAINLY MADE A WONDERFUL CATCH IN YOU, ACE



COULD WE TALK ABOUT BUSINESS FOR A MINUTE OR TWO?

I GUESS

WHAT'S IT LIKE IN SKYVAULT? DO YOU LIVE THERE?



NO WAY. I'VE GOT A PLACE RIGHT HERE IN NEW YORK, BUT THE LOCATION'S A SECRET SECURITY. YOU KNOW?

TELL ME ABOUT IT! YOUR SECURITY IS WHAT'S KEEPING ME FROM SEEING SKYVAULT. I MEAN, I CAN UNDERSTAND NOT WANTING A CAMERA CREW IN THERE BUT JUST SEEING IT WOULD HELP ME SOOOO MUCH



M-M-MMM

YOU KNOW ANY THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING I COULD DO ABOUT A PRIVATE TOUR



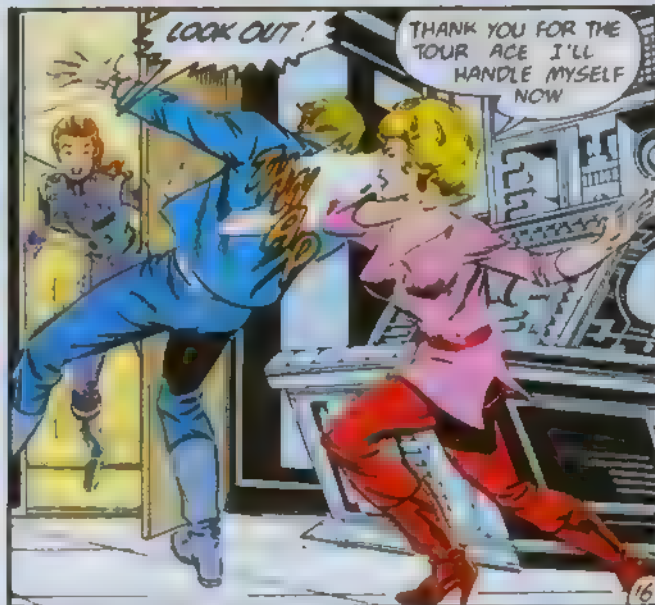
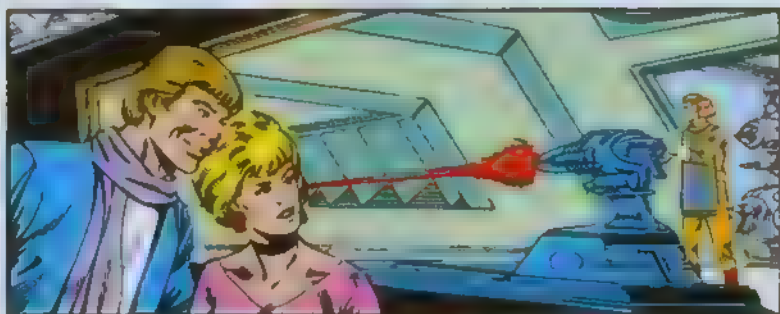
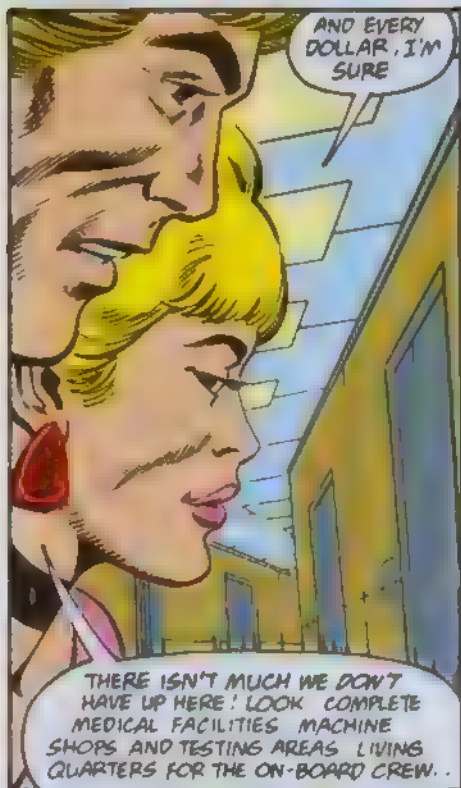
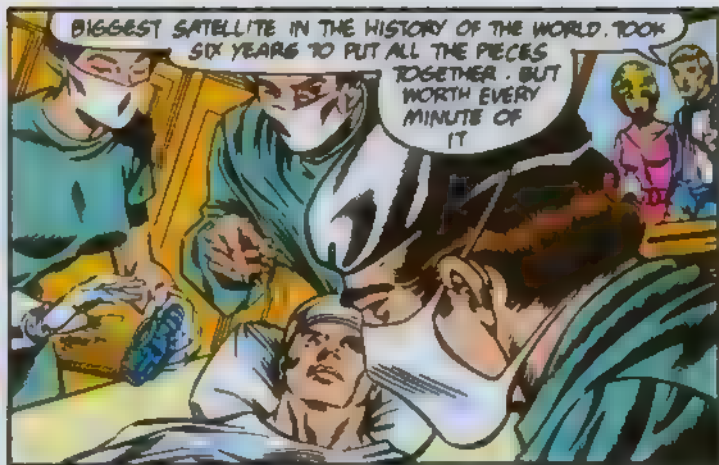
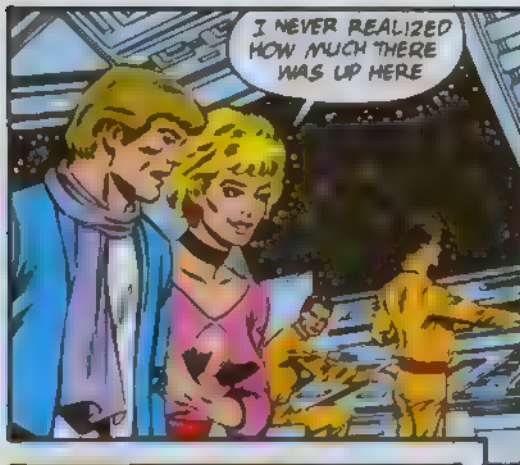
SOON

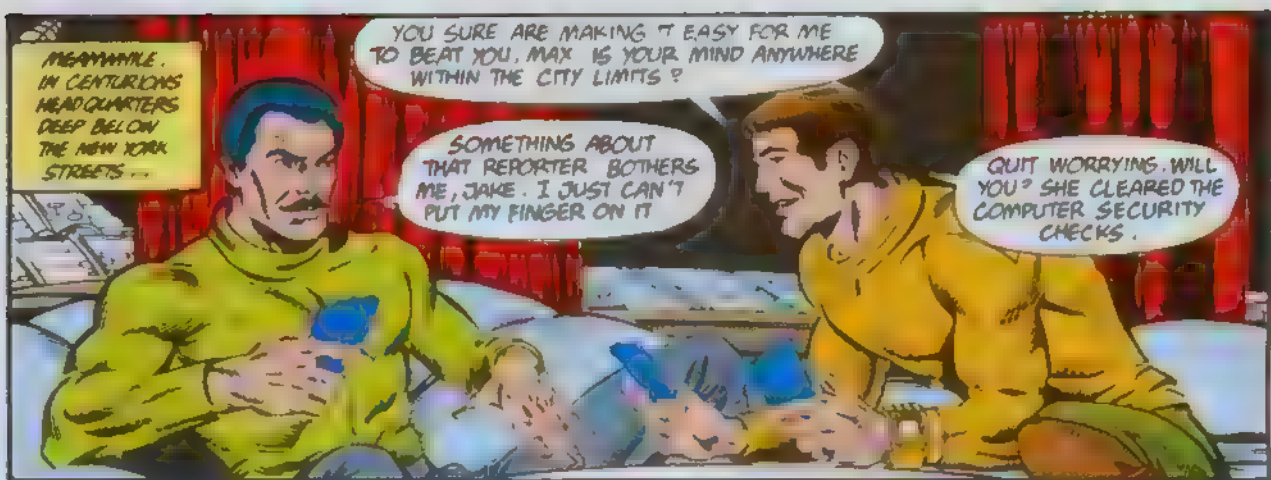
NOW, REMEMBER-- ANYBODY GIVES YOU A HARD TIME, YOU TELL THEM TO SEE ME.

NOTIFY DR KANE THAT MR MCCLOUD IS ABOARD... WITH A GUEST.

ABSOLUTELY I DON'T KNOW HOW I CAN THANK YOU FOR THIS

DON'T WORRY I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING





MEANTIME, IN CENTURIONS HEADQUARTERS DEEP BELOW THE NEW YORK STREETS...

YOU SURE ARE MAKING IT EASY FOR ME TO BEAT YOU, MAX. IS YOUR MIND ANYWHERE WITHIN THE CITY LIMITS?

SOMETHING ABOUT THAT REPORTER BOTHERS ME, JAKE. I JUST CAN'T PUT MY FINGER ON IT.

QUIT WORRYING. WILL YOU? SHE CLEARED THE COMPUTER SECURITY CHECKS.



YOU ONLY GET OUT OF A COMPUTER WHAT SOMEBODY PUTS IN IT. AND I CAN THINK OF A CERTAIN DOC WHO'S PRETTY GOOD WITH MACHINERY.



SO?

SO I THINK I'LL GIVE CRISTAL A CALL AND HAVE HER DOUBLE-CHECK MISS ANY BURGER.



AND MOMENTS LATER...

KID BAD YOU DIDN'T PLAY YOUR HUNCH AN HOUR AGO. MAX AND ANY BURGERS UP HERE AND SHE'S TAKEN OVER THE CONTROL ROOM.

WHAT?? WHERE'S ALE?

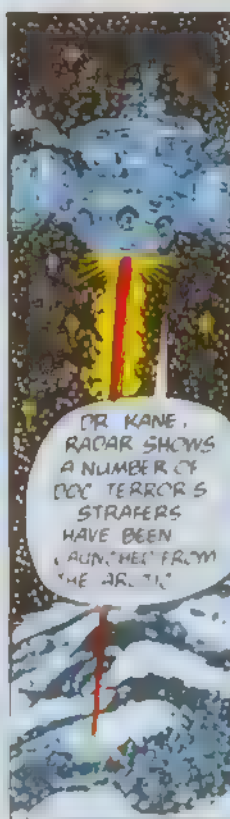
LOCKED IN THERE WITH HER, UNCONSCIOUS. WE'RE CUTTING OUR WAY IN NOW.

HANG ON! WE'RE ON OUR WAY!



OUR ROMANTIC BUDDY'S GOTTEN HIMSELF IN DEEP TROUBLE THIS TIME, JAKE.

I'LL BET CRYSTAL CAN'T WAIT TO RESCUE HIM... SO SHE CAN KILL HIM.



DR. KANE, RADAR SHOWS A NUMBER OF DOC TERROR'S STRAFERS HAVE BEEN LAUNCHED FROM THE ARCTIC.



THEIR PROJECTED TARGET IS SKYVAULT AND THE COMPUTER SHOWS OUR SHIELDS HAVE BEEN TURNED OFF.

EVERYBODY HANGS ON. IT'S GOING TO GET BUMPY.

"HOOK UP MAX
WITH CRUISER
AND JAKE WITH
DETONATOR WHEN
THEY ARRIVE"

POWERXTREME!

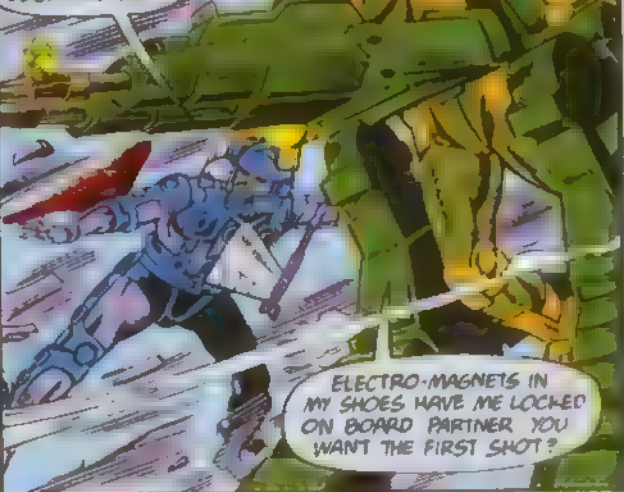
"DONE
DR KANE"



"ALL TECHNICIANS
RETREAT TO AIRTIGHT
AREAS LET MAX AND
JAKE HANDLE THIS"



HANG ON, JAKE OR
WE'LL GET CARRIED
OUT OF HERE WITH
THE RUSH OF
ESCAPING AIR



NICE OF YOU TO
SHARE THE ACTION
ONE HYDRO MISSILE
COMING UP!



NEXT ONE IS
MINE WATCH WHAT
SONIC RAY GUNS
DO TO TERROR'S
BABIES!

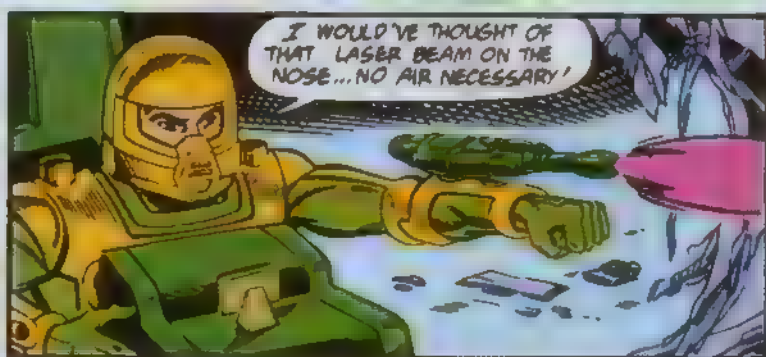




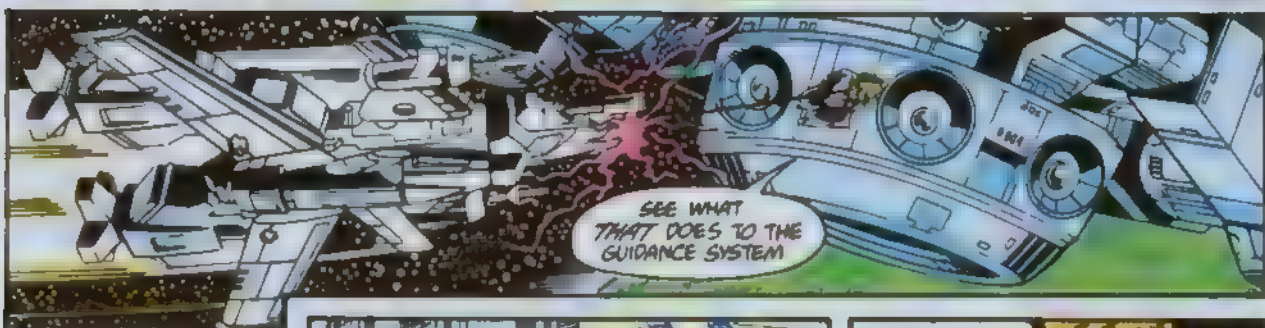
HEY: AM I
OUT OF POWER
OR WHAT?



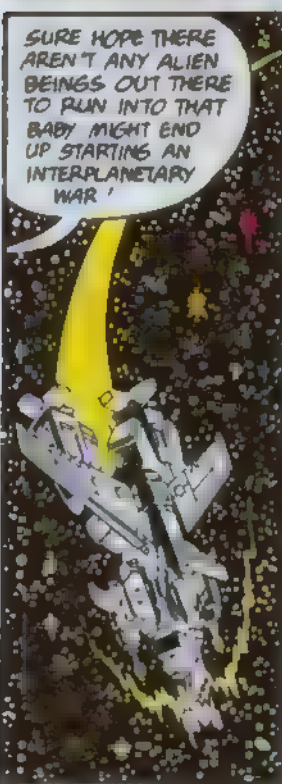
THERE'S NO AIR
LEFT IN HERE,
JAKE--NOTHING
TO CARRY THE
SONIC WAVES.



I WOULD'VE THOUGHT OF
THAT LASER BEAM ON THE
NOSE...NO AIR NECESSARY!



SEE WHAT
THAT DOES TO THE
GUIDANCE SYSTEM



SURE HOPE THERE
AREN'T ANY ALIEN
BEINGS OUT THERE
TO RUN INTO THAT
BABY MIGHT END
UP STARTING AN
INTERPLANETARY
WAR!



MEANWHILE IN THE
CONTROL ROOM...

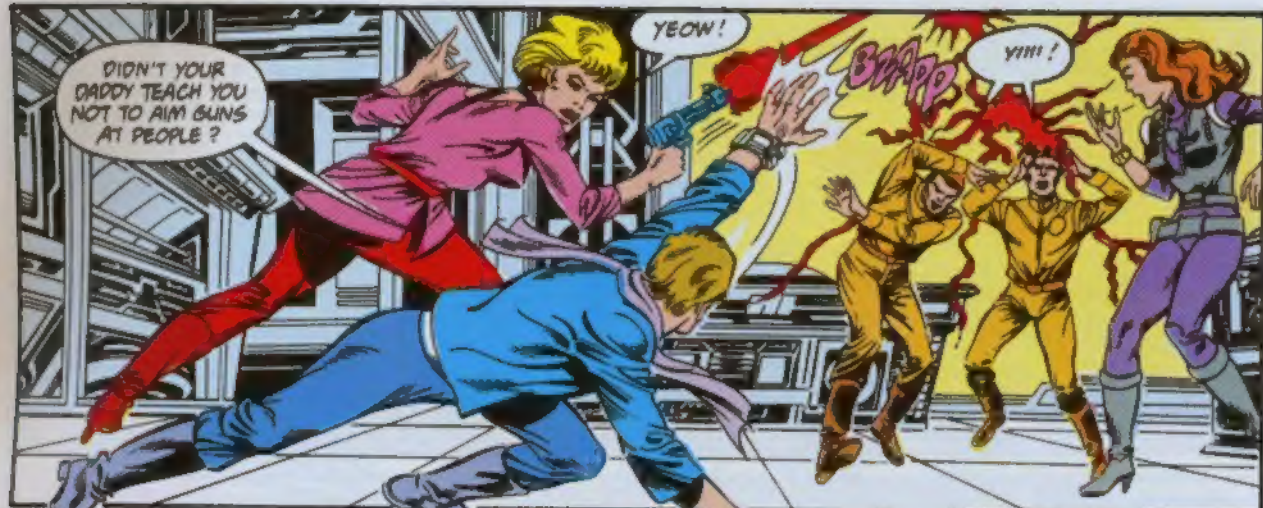
YOU COULDN'T
KEEP US OUT OF
HERE FOR LONG,
BURGER...OR
SHOULD I SAY
"AMBER"?

SO, YOU'VE
DISCOVERED WHO
I REALLY AM
THE KNOWLEDGE
WILL DO YOU
NO GOOD WHEN
YOUR ATOMS
ARE SCATTERED
ACROSS
SPACE



HUNH? WHAT'S
SHE SAYING?

WITH SKYVAULT'S
DEFENCES DOWN, IT'S
ONLY A MATTER OF TIME
BEFORE MY FATHER'S
STRAFERS DESTROY THIS
ENTIRE SATELLITE





NICE OF YOU TWO
TO LEAVE SOME OF
THESE THINGS FOR
ME.

NICE OF YOU TO
SHOW UP TO HELP, PAL.
MAX AND I AREN'T
EQUIPPED FOR FLYING
AROUND OUT THERE,
YOU KNOW!

MAYBE YOU CAN DO A BETTER
JOB THAN YOU DID HANDLING THE
LADY REPORTER, ACE.

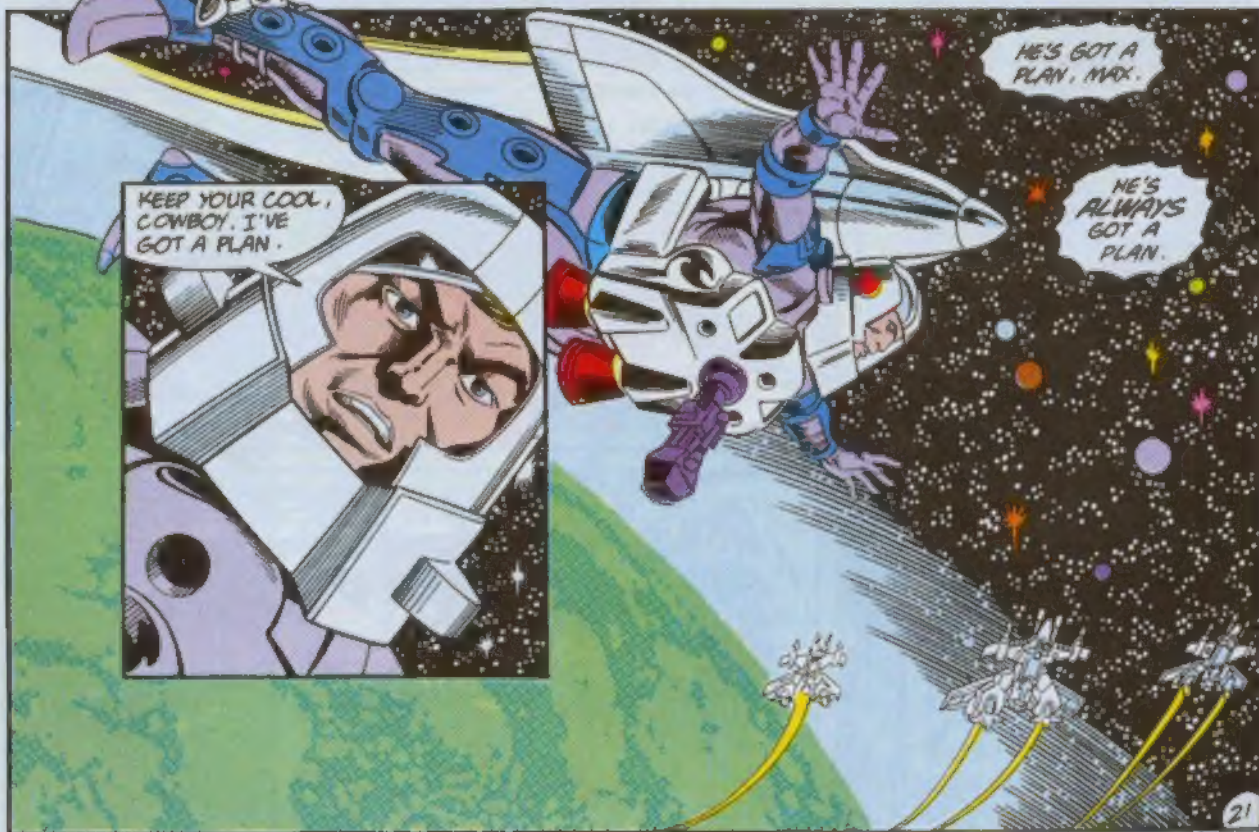


HEY, THIS
STUFF IS
A SNAP.



THEN STOP PLAYING
GAMES OUT THERE.

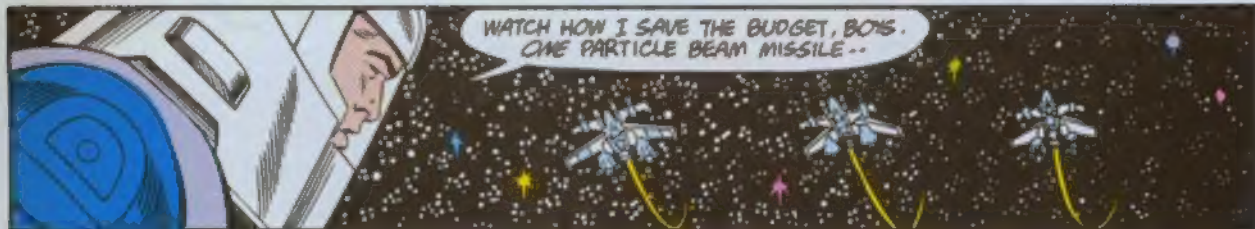
YEAH. BLAST
THOSE SUCKERS!



KEEP YOUR COOL,
COWBOY. I'VE
GOT A PLAN.

HE'S GOT A
PLAN, MAX.

HE'S
ALWAYS
GOT A
PLAN.



WATCH HOW I SAVE THE BUDGET, BOYS.
ONE PARTICLE BEAM MISSILE--

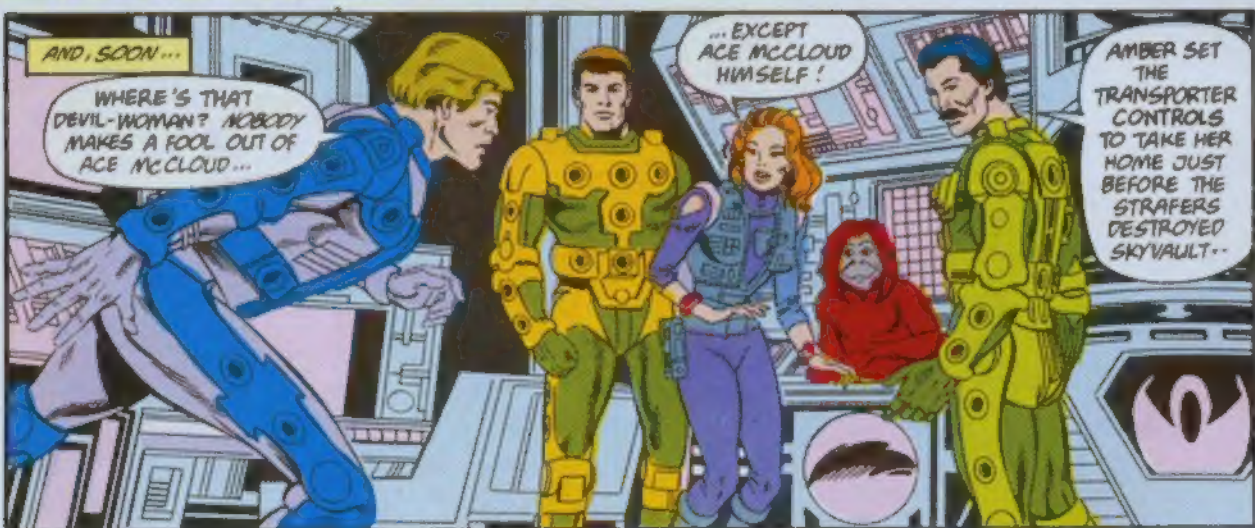


--TO TAKE
OUT THREE
STRAFERS!



GREAT! WE'LL USE THE
MONEY YOU SAVED TO REPAIR THE
HOLE IN THE WALL!

WHEN YOU'RE DONE PATTING
YOURSELF ON THE BACK, MEET US
IN THE CONTROL ROOM.

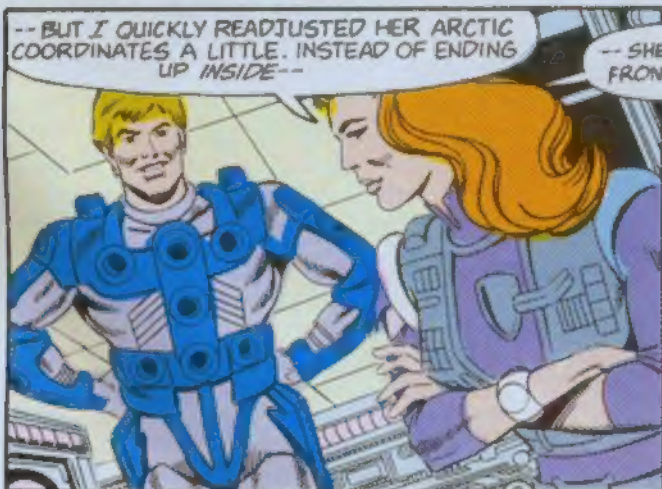


AND, SOON...

WHERE'S THAT
DEVIL-WOMAN? NOBODY
MAKES A FOOL OUT OF
ACE MCCLOUD...

...EXCEPT
ACE MCCLOUD
HIMSELF!

AMBER SET
THE
TRANSPORTER
CONTROLS
TO TAKE HER
HOME JUST
BEFORE THE
STRAFERS
DESTROYED
SKYVAULT--



-- BUT I QUICKLY READJUSTED HER ARCTIC
COORDINATES A LITTLE. INSTEAD OF ENDING
UP INSIDE--

-- SHE'S AT THE
FRONT DOOR!



DADDY!! HACKER!!
OPEN THE BLASTED
DOOR BEFORE
I FREEZE TO DEATH!

POUND
POUND
POUND

THE
END

